

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX.]

DECEMBER, 1849.

[No. IV.]

THE CONDITION-OF-ENGLAND QUESTION.

1. *Howitt's Journal*, 3 vols.
2. *The Social condition of England*: an article in the N. A. Review for Oct. 1847.

Our course of reading has led us to some reflections on the condition and tendencies of the era in which we live, the presentation of which may not prove uninteresting to those who are alive to the wants and developments of humanity. For many years the English people have been the dupes of pretended reforms and reformers. They have been *victimized* alike by Whig and Tory. Each has promised in hustling pledges and opposition speeches, while *out*, to be willing to do much,—each has failed to do, but little while *in*. Item after item has been added to the tax list. The light of Heaven and the air of Providence have been laid under contribution to support royal babies and godless churches, yet thousands die annually, ignorant of the existence of a God, and men starve in the midst of plenty. The late famine in the United Kingdom was “a famine of which poverty was almost the sole cause.”

The bulk of the laboring population of England even in their best estate, live on the smallest amount of subsistence sufficient to support life. Unable to make any retrenchment, they have nothing to fall back upon, in times of agricultural or commercial distress. Notwithstanding the indignation of Malthusian Economists; they will marry, and children will be born, though they

be born as miserable as their parents. "Individuals are constantly falling from one degree of poverty to another, till they reach the lowest stage." Property by the inevitable laws of our social organization, tends "faster and faster to accumulate in a few hands." The gains of "Merchant Princes" may be enormous, but they are the gains of a *few*, while the losses of the sons of toil are great, and they are the losses of the *many*.

Before we proceed farther, we will offer some evidence of the nature and extent of the sufferings of the laboring class in England. In 1841 the population of England and Wales was 16,000,000. From the only statistics at hand we learn, that "the number of paupers who were relieved in 1844, was about 1,250,000; more than one thirteenth of the entire nation." Those engaged in agriculture number with their families 3,500,000. The average rate of wages for an adult is 9s. a week. They live, or rather stay in huts, for which they pay 3£. a year; leaving fuel, clothes, food, &c., to be provided for a year, out of 20£. There are 800,000 hand loom weavers depending on 6s. a week. In 1842 there were in Manchester 9000 families earning at the factories on an average, 1s. a week. In Liverpool there are 8000 inhabited cellars, containing a population of 35,000 souls. We might multiply this evidence, had we room. Nor can we enter into the moral statistics, which support the truth of that law of nature, which teaches that moral degradation goes hand in hand with physical suffering. In view of this *socialism*, of what use is that government of priest and noble, bishop and queen, to those who pay for its support? Of what utility are those vast and complex system of laws, the boast of English superiority, to guard the rights and promote the prosperity of English *Freemen*? Of what benefit are hereditary estates and enclosed parks, Gothic cathedrals and antiquated universities, to those millions, who are the nation's stay in war, and should be its glory in peace? What advantage, what joy and what support do these *civilized* millions enjoy over the wild Cammanche or the barbarous negro? And lastly, how much more legislation, will it take to complete the work of degradation, till a British laborer shall be synonymous with a starved slave?

Is this

—"the state that sages most approve;
Is this man civilized—the perfect sway
Of Merchant Kings; the ripeness of the art
Which cheapens men—the Elysium of the Mart?"

Yet Great Britain is the most opulent nation on the globe. She sends missionaries to instruct foreign heathen, while her neglected, domestic heathen are thicker than the frogs of Egypt. With complacent egotism, she lectures us on annexation, our republican manners and habits of expectoration, while money is her god—brutality and envy her national characteristics—horse-racing her aesthetic culture, and territorial aggrandizement her delight.

With a pampered Hierarchy reviving obsolete laws to crush freedom of thought, and drawing tithes,—with her lazy Fellows drinking punch, and proving baptismal regeneration,—with her starved and enervated millions at home and in India, she reproaches us for ungodliness, sneers at our want of refinement, and goes into hysterics over Southern slavery.

We think we have shown something of that "Condition-of-England question," which ardent and hopeful men have tried to solve, knowing that as it transcends all others in importance, so its magnitude demands earnest and instant attention. It was when the force of these fixed facts was increased by famine, and the only assistance that was offered, was the advice "to fold their arms, and leave the *denouement* to time and Providence," that the conviction gnawed its way into the minds of the people, "*that something must be done.*"*

Men thought quick, aided by that incentive to thought, a hungry stomach. Acting out their thoughts, they formed the Chartist party, with the "six points" of the charter, for its principles. Inexperienced, unknown, but nerved men met in mass meetings to discuss the cause, and devise a remedy for their sufferings. A mammoth petition was rolled before the bar of Parliament, and Parliament increased the military force. Denied all relief, nay sneered at by their hereditary rulers, it was natural that they should rush to that

* Lord Melbourne used to say that the only thing that thoroughly alarmed him was, to hear the people say, "*something must be done.*"

first resort of the oppressed, physical force. To them there seemed but one egress from their "Lazar house of woe." Agitation was commenced on this basis—riots were excited, and strikes encouraged. After years of fruitless excitement and suffering, the inadequacy of this line of policy to effect their object, was clearly demonstrated by the ridiculous failure of the London Monster meeting. But though they had failed in securing their demands, they had gained an experience, and secured an influence which would yet be powerful for good. As night-flowers give forth at night a perfume, which they withhold from the day, so, during their dark trials, had been disclosed many virtues and truths, which would have remained unknown amid the sunshine of prosperity. They resolved upon a course of action more in accordance with the humanizing spirit of the age, one, which while it should be elevated and comprehensive, should trust for its success, in truth and right; should rely for its power, on the determined will of an united and earnest people. They threw aside the weapons of passion, and sought those of truth. They began a career of moral agitation, which seeking not for support in appeals to arms, relies with a firm faith, on that "small, still voice" of moral power, which ever remains in strength, when the whirlwind of passion and battle have passed away. "Yes, the period of revolutions is drawing to a close—that of amelioration commences." The time has come when Providence is about to substitute for the disorderly action of the demagogue—the religious and quiet energy of the moral agitator. There is an active force in truth, that we as yet know but little of. When a great truth is symbolized by the actions, and nourished by the affections of faithful men, they possess a power to which the visible force of armies is but as the dust in the balance. It ever has, and ever will overturn dynasties, revolutionize empires, and establish states, till the sons of earth are united in "the spirit of unity and the bond of peace." The continual presentation of moral, social and political truth, and the education of the masses up to an elevation, from whence they may apprehend its power, constitute the corner-stone of that edifice, which the reformers of England would erect. Looking at the

present reform movement in England, we may say, that "at no period perhaps in the history of the human mind, did a desire of doing good, so earnestly meet with a spirit of inquiry, so eager after the best and likeliest methods of carrying the desire into accomplishment." The painful but salutary truth has been apprehended, that the majority of the people, are not yet prepared to realize the accomplishment of their own desires. It is the curse of a bad system that it unfits men, at first, for the enjoyment of a better. There must be a probation for nations, as well as for individuals. It is a law of Providence founded on the existing order of things. Through this period must the English people pass, over this Jordan must they cross, before they enter the land of Promise.

A prominent feature of moral agitation should be its individualizing tendency. Reform must commence with the individual, though the circumstances which prevent the reformation should be removed. No scheme for the mitigation of social or political evils, deserves confidence, that does not seek to satisfy those individual wants, lying deep in the spiritual nature of man. It must be so adapted to his complex being, as to develop the union which exists between his character and his comfort, his morality and his happiness. A reform to be effective, must unite the necessity of popular exertion with the idea of Divine dependence. It must strive, not for a mere social organization based on material ideas, but for a leavening of the masses with the spirit of Christianity; not its priestly, sectarian form, but as developed in the New Testament. Not limiting its operations to masses of men, it must seek out the individual, and strive to move those personal and religious feelings, the main-spring of our settled action; that under current, resistless as the force of gravitation—progressive as the onward movement of the spheres.

It is on this basis, "that the well-being, and well-doing of the laboring people must henceforth rest. To their own qualities must now be commended the care of their destiny. Modern nations will have to learn the lesson, that the well-being of a people must exist by means of the justice and self-government, the δικαιοσύνη and σωφροσύνη, of the individual citizens. The prospect

of the future depends on the degree in which they can be made rational beings."^{*}

The practical development of these principles, is the present object of the Reformers in England. To diffuse variety of ideas among the masses, and awaken public spirit, they have instituted courses of free lectures on the natural sciences, political economy, and philosophy, throughout the towns and cities. Ragged and evening schools are established for the young—while debating and reading clubs have been formed, in which adults may discuss the great questions of the day, and store their minds with useful information.

The leaders are men of thought and reflection, who would educate the masses up to a level, where they may act out the ideas with which their newly awakened minds are pregnant. Where they may safely behold the full light of that glorious future, whose morning rays are breaking over the mountain tops.

Appealing not to the baser passions of man—but to his humanity, to his love of truth—to all those purer passions of our nature, which even in the midst of depravity proclaim our divine origin, they have struck a cord, whose vibration will be felt in the universal soul of the English people. "Humanity," says Channing, "never dies out among a people." The poets of the people, looking forward with a living faith to a perfect future, sympathizing with their brethren in their struggle to rise into a purer atmosphere of life, have struck sparks from the anvil, and lit torches from the furnace, that shall illuminate the path of a great people advancing to the possession and enjoyment of their rights, by the force of truth, and the power of a determined will. No matter what laws kings may enact, nor what power states may possess, an earnest and united people can always be free. The very attempt to be free is a stimulus to improvement. But to succeed, self-reliance must be their characteristic. If thralldom binds them, they themselves must gnaw the cords. If they would give effect to their own ideas, they must remove themselves from the *prestige* of great men, and no longer, like the worm weave and die, that others may be warm.

* Mill's Political Economy. Vol. ii. p. 323.

We would gladly enter into a discussion of the political and moral consequences which will follow this educational and moral movement, but the subject is too vast for our limits. We look to their union and elevation with hopeful eye, feeling assured that the peaceable continuance of abuses will then be impossible. Knowing *what has been*—conscious of *what is*—we hope for *what shall be*, with a firm faith in the providence of Him who is almighty, and a reliance on the sufficiency of the people. We have confidence in the final success of this moral agitation. But if it fails in its immediate object—it will not fail in preparing the people for a successful struggle, when the time for that struggle shall come. Peace, be our motto—but if the alternative be presented of peace and continued oppression, or revolution and war, we say give us the sweeping whirlwind of a fierce democracy, rather than the degrading calmness of a selfish absolutism. Let the temples consecrated by the dews of centuries be razed to the ground, on their ruins will rise an universal temple, whose lofty arches shall reverberate with the chorus notes of *freemen*.

MONODY.

While our life's solemn stream flows fast,
Why should we mourn for errors past?
Or why should sad dejection last

Forever!

Thick clouds may veil the morning light,
Intense may be the gloom of night,
But the cold darkness lasts, not quite

Forever.

Deep, deep is the tide of Grief, and strong
Are the lov'd tones of Joy's glad song,
And Mirth's light footsteps dance along—

Forever?

Ah, no, our heart's emotions stay,
Seldom much longer than the day;
Alas! how swift they pass away

Forever.

Nay, say not sorrow, grief, and pain,
And sin, dread sin, with all its train,
Pass quite away,—they leave a stain

Forever.

N. H., Pa., Jan. 12, 1849.

THE PRESIDENTS.—WITHERSPOON.

“True indeed it is
That they whom death has hidden from our sight
Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with them
The future cannot contradict the past:
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone.”—*Wordsworth.*

WE have just returned from the grave of Witherspoon. Autumn's stirring winds were whistling around and fallen withered leaves were blown across our pathway—clouds were in the sky obscuring the light of the cheerful sun, and many were the emblems of man's mortality which were presented to our view. A new made grave not far distant, mostly fixed the eye and caused a tear to fall. Yet the sombre aspect of the scenery was not sufficient to give more than a passing tinge of sad and mournful sorrow to our thoughts. The graves of the pious and noble dead are not fit places for melancholy feelings. Of their tombs we should rather make altars

“Where chastened thought may offer praise,”

Praise for the lessons which their lives have taught,—praise for the legacy of noble deeds and high examples they have left at death—praise for the manifold voices of encouragement and admonition which the winds bear forth from their honoured graves. Such praise is fitting for the memory of Witherspoon. However we may contemplate him—as a divine—a teacher—a statesman—

and especially in that "highest style of man," a Christian—garlands of praise still hang around his memory. The frailties and imperfections of his character have been buried with his body in the tomb—the beauties of his spirit still shine forth mildly, like stars from the sky.

John Witherspoon was born on the fifth of July, 1722, in the parish of Yester near Edinburgh, Scotland. His family had long been in possession of considerable lands in the east of Scotland. His parentage was highly respectable, and it is interesting to know that he was a lineal descendant of John Knox, the reformer. His father was a clergyman of considerable reputation in the Church of Scotland. The carefulness manifested by the father in the spiritual and mental training of the son, ever seems to have been gratefully remembered.

Even at school, in early life, he exhibited those habits and qualities of mind for which he was afterwards distinguished. At the age of fourteen, he removed to the University of Edinburgh, where he was noted for his abilities and attainments in every branch of study. Yet his taste and correctness of thought were peculiarly displayed in the Theological hall to which his attention was more particularly directed; so that when at the age of twenty-one, he was licensed to preach, so great was the promise he gave, that he was immediately invited to assist his father in the ministry at Yester. Declining this invitation, he accepted one from the parish of Beith, in the western part of the country. Here he soon gained the warm love of the people—a matter of somewhat rare occurrence at that time, on account of the system of patronage which was then extensively practiced. From Beith, after a few years, he removed to Paisley, which was then, as now, a considerable manufacturing town. Here he resided in such usefulness and happiness that the frequent invitations he received from other places did not induce him to leave, until after much delay and persuasion, he accepted the Presidency of this Institution.

It is here perhaps, we may best consider him as a preacher and writer, since he does not afterward appear with so much prominence in these respects.

That his style of preaching must have been of unusual interest,

is evident from the fact that at a time when evangelical doctrines were in great part distasteful to the people of Scotland, he invariably secured the attention of his audience in their presentation. The frequency of the calls he received also show how widely he was esteemed as a divine. His manner of presenting truth was earnest, solemn, and practical—his writings were characterized by considerable knowledge of human nature, and by frequent appeals to the "law and the testimony." His delivery was grave and dignified—marked by less fire and animation than he himself would probably have wished, on account of a peculiar nervous affection. He delivered his sermons from memory, though always writing them out in full. Dr. Green mentions, we think, in his Autobiography that he earnestly recommended the habit of *memoriter* preaching as combining in the highest degree opportunity for instruction and effect.*

His abilities as a satirical writer form a prominent feature of his mental constitution. The refined wit, and constant humor he exhibited in conversation he sometimes displayed in controversial writing. His "Ecclesiastical characteristics" were perhaps the best specimens of this quality. The satire was directed against what was called the moderate party in the Church of Scotland. His object is to show the character of a true Moderatist which he does in thirteen maxims. With how much justice they received the term applied to them appears from one of the first cuts we notice in the book. "A certain minister being asked the character of a friend of his who had come to the General Assembly, whether or not he was a Moderate man? 'O, yes,' he replied, '*fierce* for moderation.'" We should occupy space needlessly by quotations, since the work is accessible to us all, it being in the College Library. To it we refer those who desire to read a production characterized

* An amusing anecdote is somewhere related of him to this purport: that a young clergyman having preached a sermon before several ministers on the comparative merits of written and ex-tempore discourse, at a dinner party the same day, he was much complimented upon the ability displayed and particularly upon the force and point of one of his illustrations. The young man remarked that he had flattered himself he had made much better preparation upon that head, but that much of his previous study had escaped him in delivery. Dr. Witherspoon who had been a silent listener turned around and with a peculiar air said—"Write it down the next time and then you will not forget it!"

throughout by a sarcasm which was most severely felt by those for whom it was intended.

In November, 1766, the Trustees of the College elected Dr. Witherspoon to the Presidency, as the successor to Dr. Finley. This invitation was declined mainly from the disinclination of the female part of his family to remove from all their early friends and associations. He is said to have recommended to the Trustees, for the office, Dr. Nisbet, who was afterwards chosen President of Dickinson College. About a year afterwards, Mr. Richard Stockton, one of the trustees, who was at the time in London, communicated to the Board the fact that the difficulties which had been in the way of Dr. Witherspoon's acceptance were then removed, and that a renewed call would probably be accepted. Dr. Samuel Blair, who had been elected to that post, about two months before, at the early age of thirty-one, hearing of this, immediately resigned. Dr. Witherspoon was then re-elected and accepting, he arrived in Princeton in August, 1768, and entered upon his duties the same month.

A large accession of students and also of funds evinced the favourable manner in which the new President was regarded. He devoted himself with much vigor to the duties of his office and to the general improvement of the College until collegiate exercises were suspended by the Revolutionary War.

Religion and patriotism often go hand in hand. And of Witherspoon it is true that he

"a pathway trod
With freedom and with God."

At the commencement of the revolutionary war he appears on a new scene and in a new character. In the early part of 1776, he was elected a member of the Convention which formed the new Constitution of this state and soon after was chosen a delegate to the General Congress.

He arrived in Philadelphia a few days previous to the final vote upon the Declaration. That measure he most earnestly supported, and he is said to have made a most eloquent and even *decisive* speech in favour of the measure at a time when all was wavering and uncertainty. Some said the country was not yet

ripe for the measure. "Sir," said he in reply, "In my opinion we are not only ripe but *rotting*."

He remained in Congress until the close of the war. His counsels were not always prevailing, yet they were ever marked by wisdom and were generally vindicated by the event. He was particularly useful to Robert Morris in the financial affairs of the country. In the standing committees which were appointed by Congress for the management of business he was prominent and influential. His frequent efforts upon the floor of the House were always regarded with respect and attention. The position he had so long held in Scotland as leader of the Orthodox party in the General Assembly, well qualified him to take an active part in the deliberations of the Congress, and the confidence which the pious patriot can ever place in the God of nations well fitted him to attend with calmness and hope to the duties of his situation.

At the conclusion of the war he returned to Princeton and retired to his farm about a mile from the town. Here he found the repose for which he had long wished. His name and influence was continued in behalf of the College until his death, though he was never afterward so active in its immediate interests as he had previously been.

Soon after the war he was persuaded, though reluctantly, to visit England to secure pecuniary aid for the institution. He expected but little success while the asperities of feeling caused by the war were still so fresh, and the event justified his expectation.

After his return he retired once more to Tusculum, his country seat, and there remained until death, appearing occasionally in the pulpit, (even after the loss of sight,) and also on special occasions at the College.

On the 15th of November, 1794, in the seventy-third year of his age, he was gathered to the dead.

"The dead are like the stars by day,
Removed from mortal eye—
Yet not extinct, they hold their way,
In glory through the sky."

H.

A HAPPY HEART.

Oh a happy heart--a happy heart
Outvalues every gem
That sheds its glow on beauty's brow,
Or a monarch's diadem.

It is beauty and health and boundless wealth,
Where it dances merrily,
It cannot grow old, and it cannot grow cold,
Oh a happy heart for me!

It ringeth out in childhood's shout,
It deepens love's first glow,
And a holy sight is its quiet light
On the old man's locks of snow.

When dark clouds lower, like a drooping flower
It bends to the dashing rain,
But flings off the spray at the first sunny ray,
And dances up again.

There is much to bear of toil and care,
I know, in this world of ours;
But many who mourn have grasped the thorn,
When they might have had the flowers.

And bootless tears, and causeless fears,
Can cloud the sunniest day,
But there comes no night, in the living light
Of a happy heart's warm ray.

It is beauty and health and boundless wealth,
Where it dances merrily,
It cannot grow old, and it cannot grow cold:
Oh a happy heart for me.

PROGRESS.

When we calmly contemplate the history of man, and allow our minds to dwell, with earnestness, upon the varied scenes presented to our view as the solemn drama is enacted, we cannot but be surprised at the exceeding length of time required for man to learn! How slowly he comprehended simple truths, how long it

was before an idea germinated, and what an age intervened before that idea received a practical embodiment.

It is a favorite theory, with certain philosophers, that each humble individual lives over again, all that has been thought, or felt, in all the weary ages of the past; that through the chambers of his soul, the glorious creations of the master-minds of old, march in silent majesty; that to each of us there is a time—it may be past—it may be yet to come—when Greece, adorned with her aesthetic crown, will reign queen of our intellectual existence; when the sad ages of Vandalism, shall be the fittest type of our dark bosom's gloom. But while this may be fact, or fancy; *this* we know: that the advance of mind, in individuals and in the race, is wonderfully disproportionate. The infancy, youth, manhood and old age of a single person, with all their multiplicity of sentiment and passion, are all crowded into a few short years, for soon, soon death closes the earthly scene. But the race cannot die; as the years roll on, its vigor increases; its life becomes more stupendous and sublime; its youth is ever young; its manhood ever strong; its powers always at a maximum. And yet one person, in his short span, becomes familiar with the wisdom and skill, that ages only have evolved. Innumerable ideas are received, and obtain a development, by the one-man, while the aggregate-man obtains, with difficulty, one small idea, and essays to act by its teachings with doubt and hesitancy.

We may talk of progress, advancement, and the perfectibility of man—it is a harmless romance. What are the teachings of reality? What, but that the race, if it advances at all, does so with the slow pace of the toiling pilgrim? This—to those who mistake change for advancement—will, no doubt, appear a strange assertion; but such would do well to remember that merchant-princes dwelt at Tadmor, tasteful architecture beautified Ephesus, god-like statues stood in the streets of Athens; and Rome, with her countless slaves, babbled of freedom and annexation. No! no! the principles and practices of the world, like the figures in a kaleidoscope, present ever new, and ever varying, combinations of the same elements. Progression is another thing. "Twould be a

progress to discover new susceptibilities in the heart, new faculties in the mind, or new wants for the deathless soul.*

Time was old, when Freedom ventured on a brief residence in the home of the noble Greek, and after she departed, how gray the years became before she re-appeared to give life and importance to new institutions in this Hesperian world? And although, for two hundred years, a comparatively free people have lived, and fought, and died for the preservation of liberty of mind upon this continent; the grand idea has been but slowly propagated; Africa, Asia, and—yes, Europe, have slumbered on in darkness, their sleep scarcely disturbed by the light which would have dispelled the gloom. Now, indeed, there is an awakening; now that sleep has been startlingly broken; yet, even now, it is by no means certain that the reign of freedom is secured; by no means certain that the idea is yet thoroughly understood; or that, even now, the troubled confusion will not resolve itself into a licentious radicalism on the one hand, or a more extensive, powerful, and galling despotism on the other.

Man was not long on earth when he lost his innocence, lost in a degree that dignity of spirit which allied him to angelic intelligences; but no sooner had he lost his purity, than the idea seems to have prevailed that all was lost; the dignity and grandeur, that still gave mournful sublimity to the noble ruin, were not appreciated. Man was henceforth become a brute, a thing, no slavery so abject as to dishonor him, no tyranny so dreadful as to injure him. Vain pyramids were built by toiling millions, rivers turned from their channels, and high towers raised to heaven, by slaves, oceans of blood flowed from a thousand battle-fields, while man was

* Since this article was written, the author has been pleased at finding evidences of agreement with those, whose names alone, perhaps, will command the respect of the reader. "Surely no mere external differences in customs, or in the arts of life, between the ancient Greeks and the French (our supposed disputant might have urged) can produce an *essential* and *fundamental* difference of results from any civil commotion: for *this*, some new *vital* principle of Action must be introduced and established in the heart;—something capable of over-ruling (η ἀνδραγαθία φύσις) man's natural character. 'As long as this remains the same,' (ϵ ως ἢ αὐτῇ ᾤ, as the historian himself remarks,) substantially the same results may be looked for."—*Whately's Rhet.*, p. 62.

the mere machine to work the will of despots; his heart, his soul, his intellect despired.

What madness would have marked the wretch, who would have rested his claims for respect and consideration on the bare assertion '*I am a man.*' But this, you say, was in the earliest, rudest ages. And when the world was four thousand years old, what said Adherbal?—what Cicero?—what Paul? when vindicating their wounded honor? *I am a man!* No! the idea, that dignity was an attribute of humanity, had not germinated; *that* the race had yet to learn; mankind were still ignorant, and each of these great spirits claimed respect by vaunting "*I am a Roman citizen.*" And even now, when wisdom cries in the streets, and knowledge runs to and fro, while the voice of the wind whispers instruction, and each mountain has its story, many who regard the sign, and not the thing signified, build their claims upon commissions, diplomas, or letters patent, or boast with swelling pride, "*I am an American.*" So long has it taken to give men an adequate idea of the dignity of human nature,—of the intrinsic nobility of man.

And yet—*we*—talk of progress; and yet—*we*—talk of advancement; and yet—*WE*—*talk* of the perfectibility of man!

N. N.

LONGINGS FOR TRUTH.

To the man who casts but a hasty glance at the struggles of past ages, their history presents a scene only of wild chaos and disorder. He sees in the great mind of the world, no governing principles to guide its progress. There seem to be no land-marks in the vast ocean of untried theories, to check the wandering, restless spirit of the race. All things are governed by the most unreasonable caprice. One generation passes away and another takes its place, only to shape out some new course of blunders and extravagances. Goaded on by revenge, or some other evil passion, whole nations rise up, and know not where to stop in revolution,

nor reflect at all on the motives which agitate them. Thus the whole mass wanders on, while the vast earth groans with the weight of their iniquities, and ever and anon, some mighty judgment from on high, some heavenly voice of warning strives to reclaim man from the error of his ways. And he heeds not the rolling thunder of almighty wrath, but only sees the lightning flash which strikes down from his side the companion of his crimes. What a sombre picture to hold up to the gaze of this age of the world! How false a story of the boasted progress of mankind! The man who wilfully shuts his eyes to the true philosophy of history, may behold no governing principles in it. But there are some secret springs of action, which are used by Providence for man's advancement. 'Tis only the wilful bigot or the inexperienced philosopher who exclaims man is the creature of circumstances. There is a nature in man, which stamps the whole race with its impress, and makes an individual, in a measure, the type of the mass. The breaking in of that first dawning as the clouds rolled away, from the chaos of creation, was the harbinger of that bright morning-star, which rose in man's heart to guide him on to truth. There was placed at the foundation of his very nature, that ardent desire for truth which could never be wholly extinguished. This is the sacred tie which binds together the whole human race. The martyrs to truth, the men who would not, dared not quench the sacred fire, can come from all ages, and here sympathize. The rude old heathen chiselled out, with untaught skill, the idol of his worship. He called it God and thought he had embodied truth in essence—then strove to believe that the cravings of his soul were satisfied.

The subtle schemer of our day, more spiritual in his nature, builds up theories for the good of the race, which he thinks are the very essence of Truth. He too, folds his arms in silent admiration, and worshipping at the feet of his own offspring, smiles to see the accomplishment of all his hopes. He wonders that the world remained so long in ignorance of the object of their search, and vainly thinks that now the restless desire of his heart is gratified. Yet the one soon finds that this rough God, is not the true aim of his soul, and still clinging to the sensual, strives to embody

Truth in some more comely form. The other, discovering the imperfections of his hypothesis, must frame some new ideal.

This is the whole history of the race. All marching on in this grand search, they wander blindly often, yet this bright guiding star, is still beckoning them on, and Truth is their ultimate aim. Man cannot long rest satisfied at least, with the same form of error. A voice from within tells him ever, "this is not thy abiding place." Every false theory must be tinged with some semblance of truth. The various fictions of the world's delusion, the wild and fanciful schemes which men have seized at, all contained some elements of Truth, some fuel for the sacred fire. In the early stages of progress, the rough pioneer in the highway to Truth, dreamed of the immortal essence as dwelling only in some outward sensual form. He strove from matter to divine the augury. Yet his untiring nature dwelt not in this. The dove-like spirit found here no rest for its wearied foot. As the mind of man begun to look on itself for some morsels of Truth, the spiritual gradually took the place of the sensual, and men formed *theories* of Truth. They peopled the world with spiritual gods, and the oracles enveloped in blackest mystery, gave forth from the recesses of the Delphic shrine their doubtful enigmas to an enquiring world. For ages the world remained in this state of dreamy mystery. Men heeded not the incessant promptings of their nature. They knew not that the oracles were dumb. Yet the world could not always halt here in its progress. There were men who, true to the instincts of their nature, obeyed the restless spirit, and strove to find out the Almighty to perfection. While the majority of the race stumbled on from one error to another, they strove to gratify their thirst for Truth, and would have died to have but one beam of that light which flashes forth for us.

Socrates read some lessons from nature which put him far in advance of the age. As the frost of winter settled on his head, he pressed on in the mighty search, ever learning, until that little cup of hemlock, shut out forever from his generation, the bright dawns of that day, which seemed about to break upon the world. Thus has some adventurous leader, rushed on into the very temple of Truth, and as with trembling hand was just lifting

away the veil from before the glorious Shekinah, some mysterious hand-writing on the wall, some low rumblings in that grand old pile, have hurried him away, and the world still remained in ignorance. But a new era was now to begin. The world had lived four thousand years. Almost all the forms of error which could be devised, had been palmed upon men as Truth. The whole tendencies of the race, seemed now converging to one point. All the predictions of old time, all the false vagaries of error, seemed now to need but one solution. Men knew not definitely how it should be; but all the wants of the race, seemed to point to some great event, which should forever fill their souls.

The great embodiment of truth came forth to the nations. Those few wise men of the East, alone obeyed the star of Bethlehem, and walked forth its lonely heralds; while the world cried "Crucify him, crucify him." They who had so long been searching to fill up the desire of their souls, now beheld the great Impersonation, and knew it not. The world so long accustomed to the wild forms of error, did not recognise the grand reality. Yet, although they knew it not, the voice within was hushed or only sounded to their souls a dirge of destruction. Soon the mystery of religion was forgotten. The glorious Shekinah, itself, gleamed forth, and in the great universal temple, nations basked in its ineffable brightness. And as age after age rolls away, brighter and brighter beam those rays, more crowded still becomes that vast temple, and more harmonious, grand and pealing strains roll up to him who has forever filled the soul of man, with the great realities of Truth.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

And shall Truth triumph? shall the wond'rous years,
 Wrapt up for nations in futurity,
 Those anxious years, to which we yield our hopes,
 And which with strongest yearnings we desire
 To see, shall they afford an interval
 For Truth to sing her song of victory?

When we unroll and fain would try to read,
 The blotted, bloody, tear-wet scroll of time,
 Wherein we learn how nations strangely died;
 How other nations from their ashes rose;
 How Ignorance and Knowledge ruled the earth
 By turns, and sometimes even sat together
 On the throne; how Truth, a-sorrowing oft,
 Was rudely drest in Error's flaunting robes,
 And made to weep, while scoffing men stood by
 And laughed at her confusion and distress;
 How tribes and races met, and raged, and fought,
 Fought with a zeal intense, a heart-felt zeal,
 And worthier of a better, nobler cause,
 For savage despots and all-cruel wrongs;
 How—oh! the wonder!—paradox most strange!—
 Religion also mingled in the strife,
 Stained her white robes, her comely robes of peace,
 In the red flood of war;—distrust of man
 And all man's boasted heritage of light
 And truth and joy, is not the only pang
 We feel; but doubt of God comes creeping in,
 A subtle, chilling, poisonous, deadly,
 Hellish doubt,—to ruin visionary hope,
 And while its influence tinges every thought,
 Saddens our joys, and deepens all our gloom,
 We look on life—our individual life—
 And the more awful life of human nature—
 As a majestic mockery.

Oh! 'tis sad
 To treasure up gigantic wrongs, the groans
 Of nations suffering, the loud agony
 Of sudden desolation, the silent
 And patient sorrows of a broken heart,
 The tears of Innocence, and the proud laugh
 Of Guilt triumphant, and all the varied,
 And universal tendencies of sin,
 A horrid, lengthening catalogue of woes,—
 And call it—Life.

But Truth is in the world,
 And Peace and Hope and Goodness follow her.
 Were there no sunshine there could be no shade;
 Discord but proves a harmony divine;
 Hence Truth exists, or Error is unknown.
 And what is Truth? Ah! Pilate asked this once,
 When Truth Incarnate stood before his eyes,
 And so blind man—with Nature's page before him,
 Heedless alike of all her answering tones,
 And Heaven's own light, in holiest splendor,
 Beaming upon his path—asks, "what is Truth?"
 There's something wrong; we see, where we would learn;
 Ignorance, full oft, is only want of will,
 While Knowledge slumbers in the conscious mind;
 So while we almost satisfy ourselves
 We know not what is Truth, nor ever knew,

Deep in the secret silence of our hearts,
 A soft voice whispers to our spirit's ear,
 "God, whom ye love not, and his will, is Truth."—
 And shall Truth triumph? Shall God's Truth succeed?
 Or rolls the world beyond its God's control?
 Nay, suns and systems move at his command,
 Systems on systems piled in order turn,
 Nor can a star beyond its circuit go
 Though insignificant as Earth. Reason
 May fail to see the coming years of glory,
 All things on earth may seem controlled by sin,
 Error may multiply her means of ill,
 Truth may be banished, and her lovers die,
 And Satan rear his hated throne to heaven,
 Calling with pride the kingdoms of the Earth
 His own, with all their vast power and glory,
 Yet shall Truth triumph.

Years are as nothing
 In Duration's hand; many thousand years,
 Swift as a shadow, fly into the past;
 Millions may still remain; for, as a day,
 A night-watch quickly gone, a span, are they.
 But all the heritage of future years,
 In numberless array, belong to Truth.
 And shall Truth triumph? Go, read the prophets,
 Read all their wondrous words—the words of God—
 List to the holy songs of Judah's minstrels;
 Bright scenes, inspired, of glories yet to be,
 Rose to their sight, and caused unequalled strains,
 Ne'er heard before, to gladden all their lyres;
 They sang of light and truth, while night and error
 Sat enthroned before them; nor earliest dawn,
 In faintest gray, gave token of approach.
 List to their songs of faith; then hear each age
 Proclaim the unfolding splendors of the day,
 Whose noon shall be when truth sits on the throne,
 And thou canst doubt no more.

W. R.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THE history of a true poet must ever be full of interest. Often nurtured amid the harshest adversity—often the victim of poverty—having a physical organization that can

"Hardly bear
 The weight of the superincumbent hour;"

and an ethereal fire within always threatening to consume its

frail dwelling-place—he seems especially calculated to awaken our warmest sympathies. A being of the finest sensibilities, his joys and his sorrows are peculiar to himself. He loves not the rude mirth of the vulgar throng. When he rejoices, it is afar from the busy haunts of men;—perchance he looks with gladdened eye upon the scenes of nature, and fired with inspiration, gives forth a hymn of praise to nature's God;—or it may be, he communes with some kindred soul upon the good and beautiful in life, and the sunny hopes laid up in the future, and drinking joyfully of Castaly's fount, speaks to his fellow-men in words of good cheer, and full of loving kindness. The poet's woes, too, are all his own—none may know their depth. Sometimes goaded by wrongs and unmerited reproach he becomes a gloomy misanthrope, and repays the injustice of the world with defiance and scorn.

Yet the genuine son of the muses is no selfish being. His heart is large, swelling with generous emotions, and while he can call aught his own, no poorer brother shall go empty away. A truer friend cannot be found; it is only the exquisite refinement of his nature, shrinking from the public gaze, or recoiling from injury that at any time renders him misanthropic.

But there is a class of poets for whom we confess a peculiar interest. We mean the highly gifted, the early called—those whom some lingering winter-blast has swept away while yet in the opening spring-time of their promise. Who has not felt his heart grow sad at the history of the misguided, yet noble, Shelley? The youthful errors into which he was driven by a strong, romantic hatred of oppression, as well as by the persecution of a ruthless world, are well-nigh forgiven and forgotten; and we would that he had tarried a little longer on earth until riper age had calmed the transports of his restless spirit, and men had learned to see in him "what he was—a man idolized by his friends, studious, temperate, of the gentlest life and conversation, and willing to have died to do the world a service." There is Keats, too, "a born poet of the most poetical kind," whose griefs we cannot but share, galled as he was by the malignity of critics, unwilling to pardon

the smallest imperfections of the stripling whose works so far excelled their own.

Another of this class was Henry Kirke White, on whose lowly grave we design to lay an humble offering.

There are more splendid names upon the scroll of time. Yet the charms of the modest wood violet should not pass unnoticed amid gayer flowers: nor should the dazzling radiance of the sun make us forgetful of the lesser lights that shed many a genial ray upon our earth.

Biographical details are not needed here. It suffices to say that in childhood Kirke White gave token of uncommon abilities, but owing to the straitened circumstances of his family, he could not at first enjoy the advantages which he deserved. At length, however, after surmounting a variety of difficulties, he entered Cambridge University, where he speedily attained the foremost rank of scholarship. But the shaft of death was already aimed. Wasted by disease, he fell at the early age of twenty-one, a martyr to his "noble rage."

True genius has ever received the homage of mankind—of posterity, if not in every case of contemporaries. The creations of Homer and Virgil—the eloquence of Cicero and Demosthenes—the wisdom of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, outliving the wreck of nations, are studied and admired among us. The works of Milton, Addison, and Shakspeare have not passed away with the men themselves; they are treasured, embalmed, and will be while the English language is spoken. Genius, however clouded with faults, however spotted with the imperfections common to humanity, must and will receive the tribute of our admiration. Can the ignoble dross hide altogether the gleam of virgin gold? Can fogs and clouds make us forget the brightness of the sun? Not so; the good and beautiful in the world of nature, art, or mind, must shine forth wherever found, by whatever surrounded, for

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that we regard genius with feelings of a higher order, in proportion as it is more closely allied to virtue. The one decorates and commends; the other purifies

and exalts. This happy union is found in the character of Kirke White. Vice presented her maddening draught in vain. He sought and found real happiness in the paths of virtue. In every relation he was most exemplary—a dutiful son, a loving brother, a kind and faithful friend.

White, however, is chiefly known as a poet and as such must be allowed to have been unusually gifted. His writings display a refined imagination, cultivated taste, and much learning, together with a deep-toned piety. On his entrance into the university he was advised to "stifle his poetical fire for severer and more important studies; to lay a billet on the embers until he had taken his degree, and then he might fan it into a flame again." This advice was strictly followed. Hence the greater number of the pieces which he left were written before his nineteenth year, saving a few fragments found on the back of some mathematical papers. His effusions, therefore, beautiful as many of them are, must be regarded rather as the germ, than the matured fruit. Yet there is observable in them all a gradual march of improvement, a steady advancement toward a lofty standard; and without doubt had his life been prolonged, he would have added many treasures to the literature of England.

He also ranked deservedly high as a scholar. Without extraordinary advantages—unaided by royal influence—he, in his short-lived career, reaped a harvest of intellectual glory which many a gray-headed aspirant would fain possess. Undoubtedly, he had a large share of inborn talent, but he never suffered genius to foster idleness. The papers which he left on divers subjects in the whole round of sciences, were, in the judgment of Southey, more astonishing than those of Chatterton.

In his earlier years Mr. White was inclined to sentiments somewhat deistical; but having at the request of a friend, read with attention Scott's "Force of Truth," he cast them aside and ever after cleaved to the teachings of the gospel. His Christianity was heartfelt and sincere. Unobtrusive as he was, he never shrunk from defending the doctrines of revelation.

Finally, in the graceful symmetry of his three fold character as the Poet, the Scholar, and the Christian, there is much to be

admired. Often writhing under anguish as well of mind as of body, he was ever gentle and uncomplaining. And so estimable were his virtues that the withering shade of envy never darkened his success. We like to think of him as he portrays himself:

"A meditative man,
Who from the blush of morn to quiet eve
Ponders, or turns the page of wisdom o'er,
Far from the busy crowd's tumultuous din:
From noise and wrangling far, and undisturbed
With mirth's unholy shouts."

Such beings seem almost too pure for earth. The Almighty, as it were, but lends them to us, that teaching better things, they may shine with a little star-like glimmering on this bustling, jarring, selfish world, ever grasping at pleasure or gain. The early death, then, of this child of genius, is our loss not his. The blooming spring betokened a bounteous autumn—that spring never came. Like the seed cast into the ground his mortal frame has decayed; like the new-born plant, his spirit has burst forth freed and perfected, to thrive forever in a better clime. Glorious thought! Death holds no sway over mind; nay rather, it speeds its upward flight by stripping off its earthly clogs. Then it were wrong to grieve for him. In his life were few glad some hours—the joys of youth-time came not to him. Now, purified by sorrow and trial, he has found the blissful rest for which he so longingly waited. His example will ever live—his memory cannot die. "The very circumstance of his early death," writes Southey, "gives a new interest to his memory, and thereby new force to his example. Just at that age when the painter would have wished to fix his likeness; and the lover of poetry would delight to contemplate him; in the fair morning of his virtues; the full spring blossom of his hopes;—just at that age hath death set the seal of eternity upon him, and the beautiful hath been made permanent."

GENERAL BERTRAND'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Adieu! To God I leave thee, Fatherland!
 Thy Emperor calls me from thy hills afar;
 For aye the hope is gone, this toil worn hand
 And weary head, on thee to rest from war.
 Napoleon's name the wide earth fills, with him
 In Glory's dangerous path I've won renown;
 What though his sun is set! his stars are dim!
 His night and sorrows shall be all mine own.

Where rest the warriors who a splendor caught
 From his far rays that lit them to a throne!
 The Tried and Trusty in his battles fought;
 On whom the "Legion's honored star" has shone?
 When splendors fade, and war's deep chaunt is o'er,
 The Brave should mourn the fallen though a foe;
 Oh France! from thine inhospitable shore,
 Thy exiled monarch's only friend I go.

A wave worn rock afar from Thee my home,
 Shall bound ambition Europe could not bound;
 An Island Monarch on a sea-girt throne—
 For subject millions, winds and waves surround.
 This is no home for me. The faithful Brave
 Are marshalled in the dust—the Faithless fled,
 Thine eagle flight is o'er. Thy banners wave
 O'er conquering hosts, or o'er the conquered dead.

Oh France! thine old renown is waning now;
 A thousand battles have been won in vain;
 A shadow rests upon thy princely brow.
 Thy laurels fade. Thy sons are slaves again.
 No more the clanging trump shall rouse the foe;
 No more thy Emperor's call to victory rouse;
 Adieu my Fatherland! with him I go,
 A sharer in renown—I'll share his woes.

THE CRIME AND THE DEFENCE OF POETS.

The conviction that poets are useless members of society, is a universal one. It is the single proposition on which all have agreed, from the thrall of sense, up through all the infinite intermediate grades, far up to that intellectual and spiritual being who

wrote *The Republic*. And the proposition is true. Poets are utterly incapacitated by a mental and moral mal-formation, from subserving the interests, or advancing the triumphs of commonwealths. This mal-formation is seen in a preternatural susceptibility to impressions. The senses subordinate their whole being. They are the slaves of the evanescent impressions of the moment. Through all the avenues to the soul through the multitudinous forms of nature. Wan poverty shivering over its dying embers, bloodless famine crawling out of dark alleys rule their whole nature during their presence, as well as the pale attenuated clouds gliding sceptre-like past the white moon, and the roseate masses of atmosphere entangled in the leafless woods of autumn. Thus their whole life is spent, like children amid their toys, wrapt in an admiration which is ever changing its object. From such men, it is vain to expect consistency in conduct, or constancy in purpose. No great thought gives unity to their lives, and interprets all their actions. They are only constant to inconstancy. Their existence is fragmentary and fruitless.

This defect in their organization is also exhibited in the activity and power of their imaginations. By this faculty, the images which the scenes have surrendered to the soul, are re-produced in grotesque and unnatural combinations. Things, divorced in experience, such as triumph without toil, knowledge of good without the knowledge of evil, altered fortune and unaltered affection, are eternally wedded in the flowery domain of their fancy. Dreamers, inebriated with beauty, reeling with their own bewildering creations; in the midst of city thoroughfares while the tide of commerce rolls by chafed and perturbed, they are away in some island of blossoms, or watching the constellations rise from some eastern ruin. They are not only useless to society, but their whole thoughts are silent satires on all its idols: and, alas! they are too often immolated for their contumacy.

The vice of their being manifests itself also in vague and impossible notions of mortality. They are therefore the victims of a passion for reforming society. They are eloquent in their denunciations of social fictions. The convenient reservations of

life are in their minds distorted into falsehoods. Beneath all the chicanery and shuffling of life, they detect the latent lie, and expose it. They can never be made to understand the great necessities of business, or the influence which wealth however acquired, or character however maintained, always brings their possessor. We could pardon indeed their writhing beneath the brazen car of conventionalism that crushes them, but we cannot pardon their denunciations of customs and principles, which are venerable with age and beneficial in results.

In proportion to the degree and strength of their susceptibility to impressions, and power of imagination, and utopian ethics, so far are they unqualified for the world. They live without having benefited their race, or themselves; and die without leaving behind them anything around which influences cluster. Yet we would not increase the contempt with which these men are already treated, but rather appeal in their behalf to the sympathies of a discerning public. We would feign have them regarded in their true character, as the victims of a peculiar mental and physical organization. To hold them responsible for their violations of the laws of society, is not simply an error, it is cruelty. They are beings of unintelligent impulses, and are therefore irresponsible agents.

PUBLIC LIFE.

"Credo mihi, qui bene latuit, bene vixit."—Ovid.

THE actions of men take their moral hue from the motives which prompt them; and the position in society a man may happen to occupy will be a good or bad position according as he acts in it. A great or a good man is never the offspring of his position; but on him, in a surprising measure, depend the importance and relative value of the station which providence assigns him. This is a common truth, yet how often are men unable to comprehend its bearings, and how frequently do we find men of sense, and

judgment, and honesty, deceived by a vain show of rank, blinded by the gaudy trappings of official distinction, and coldly neglectful of a sturdy, though humble, greatness.

Position—in society—before the world—oh! how magnificent it seems to those who are conscious of no intrinsic excellence! how ardently it is desired by those who feel that without some such factitious elevation they never would emerge from the common crowd! and how little do they dream, that when, by most strenuous exertions, they have attained the desired elevation, it will immediately sink to their own level. While prosperity lasts, all goes well and happily, but when the trial comes, when stamina must be shown, they weakly stagger from the fancied height, and bid farewell to *all* their greatness. These compose one class of those miserable spirits, who, when the first pangs of mortification at their debasement are over, admonish all others, saying, "*crede mihi, qui bene latuit, bene vixit.*"

There are others, who, having an iron will, and a clear head, not only reach a dizzy eminence, but calmly and quietly occupy it; but full soon, they find no lasting pleasure in the mere station, no joy-inspiring tendency in the loftier atmosphere, no adequacy to their cravings in the extensive panorama; but pains increase, enemies arise in legions, dangers thicken, and they are more exposed to the furious peltings of the storm; prudence dictated but one course; and so, voluntarily, they descend in sorrow and disappointment, and with hearts still vacant, they exclaim, "*crede mihi, qui bene latuit, bene vixit.*"

Still, though we seem to contradict the teachings of sober experience, we confidently assert that public life and a distinguished position, rightly sought, and properly used, are among the greatest blessings that can fall to the lot of mortals. The evils which seem peculiar to them, will, on a close examination, be found to be of the same genus with those which meet, and assail, and often conquer men in every station of life. True greatness can shine forth in the sports of the boy, as well as in the deliberate actions of the man; and the grand feeling of satisfaction at the success of a worthy action, may glow alike in the bosoms of little children and veteran statesmen. Happiness, let it be known by yearning

thousands, can never be found in externals; its waters of satisfying fullness must bubble up *within* the heart, or with all its productive power, it will remain a waste forever.

There are minds and hearts so happily constituted as to find in the microcosm of home, all the expanse they need in which to live, and love, and labor; let them remain there; they are at a good work, they shall receive their reward; to them has been committed one talent, for which they must account to God.

And there are others who see farther, and who find room in their larger hearts for the welfare of whole neighborhoods, or states; these find happiness in doing good on an extended scale; let them continue at it; they have received five talents, for which they must account to God.

But there are other soaring spirits, who go onward and onward, upward and still upward, in their bright and shining path, whose swelling hearts take in the world, and whose philanthropy extends to every creature; who rest not, day nor night, while they can prevent a groan or remove an evil; whose happiness—and the happiness of the race—increases as their influence extends; to these are committed ten talents, for which they must account to God; and shall we—can we find it in our hearts to stop them in their race, that they may listen to our timid and cautious admonition, “*crede mihi, qui bene latuit, bene vixit.*”

UNCONNECTED THOUGHTS.

BOSCOVITCH'S ATOMIC THEORY sets forth among other things, that between the atoms of matter there are several points of equilibrium, about which, within certain limits, the atoms may vibrate, while the substance remains the same; but having passed the limits, either of approach or retreat, they fly to a new point of equilibrium, about which they again vibrate, and within limits still; and that, though the number of these points are unknown, and will ever remain so, it is probable that no two or more atoms can ever be brought into actual mathematical contact, the last limit of approach being inseparable.

This theory is introduced on account of the faint analogy which is perceivable between it and a theory of human life. There seem to be similar points of equilibrium among human beings—not between themselves, but between each and some other and greater spirit who forms the central point of attraction and repulsion. In the present state of being, mediocrity is the point of equilibrium; our highest and lowest modes of mind and soul are the opposite limits between which we oscillate; and at death the good pass the one limit, the bad the other, and thus all enter upon a new state of existence.

When we are in the highest, most felicitous, glorious moods, in which we have vouchsafed us apocalyptic visions of the whole realm of science and art without, and are able also to look within through the crystal cases of us, as would a spectator, and trace out the complexity of our inner works—so vivid is our consciousness and clear our sight, in which, in short, we dive deepest into, and understand best the cosmical philosophy:—in this mood, our foot seems on the threshold of another, and higher, and brighter world, and there remains but one last swathing band of this infantile state, to be cast off before entering it. Here the analogy is traceable, and we, like the material atom, seem about to leave the ordinary range of oscillation for another and a closer to the fixed point of attraction—God, which, as in the other case, though there may be numberless steps of approach, we can never reach.

We know not that any of the human tribe of God's creation have, in this life actually passed this limit, but certain it is, that those who have approached it, would as easily doubt their existence as the reality of the limit and the better state beyond. Some, poets, and the good of all ages, would seem to have stretched their chain farthest in this direction; the former of whom coming back, are able to sing: "I know an isle," which song many, not having voyaged in this region, understand not.

We always roll down, sometimes with an infatuated willingness, the mount of vision, re-enveloping ourselves, the while, with our vast mantles of sense, until arriving at the bottom, we find ourselves the same mummies we were before the ascent, and sweltering in all the bands, in which the devil (skilful embalmer)

can enfold us. What is most manifest of us thereafter, is the lump of organized mud and not the soaring spirit.

The limit in the other direction towards which the tendency is in low moods of mind and soul, is too dismal to invite contemplation. One seems, however, here also, to verge upon another state of being, lower, worse, and farther from God, and to which the wicked of all ages have made the nearest approach.

The diffident boy in an assembly room with its boquets of joyous youth, and hue of golden light and ravishing music or gazing upon the pageantry of manœuvring soldiers; the youth ardent in the culture of the beautiful: and the man exploring the rich veins of literature, are all in the same stair of ascent, only on different steps of it, while the precocious filterer, the youthful pickpocket or counterfeiter and the mature criminal, have but made different degrees of progress towards the same low limit, and are on the same road to it.

MUSICAL BOXES are complicated pieces of machinery, so, and of such materials constructed, that a great variety of tunes can be elicited by moving certain keys, analogous in some degree to these are we, with our passions, appetites and faculties of mind soul and spirit. That is, our whole internal machinery, with all its nice and complicated parts interplaced and acting on each other may be considered as a musical box of great compass of tunes, and of which these tunes constitute what is called happiness, in its different degrees, or misery in its different degrees. Then, as the whole moves with the stream of thought, upon the changing of any key, a change of tune is produced, i. e., upon touching the malign passions, discords result, and upon touching the good accords. If this be considered true, it would seem to result, that pleasure, on the contrary, arises from a *certain adjustment of the passions*, of restraining some and encouraging others.

What has been said, with reference to the origin and mode of production of happiness, would, if carried out, and enforced by illustrations, go to show that here also, God operates by means, and puts not his finger directly upon the heart, does not thrust

joy immediately upon us, nor misery, but allows us to play harmoniously the one or discordantly the other. It would also go to prove, as does the similar but less subtle argument of Natural Theology, the existence of a great Artificer, who has constructed so admirable a machine; for, if a watch is sufficiently complicated conducive to an end to show proofs of design and therefore to prove the existence of a designer, and so also mere animal organisms, much more must this more delicate and complex piece of mechanism prove the same. It would prove too the divine origin of the Bible, for in it alone do we find full directions for putting the machine in successful operation.

The existence of two such things, an exquisite instrument and a single book of instructions perfectly adapted to that instrument must unavoidably prove them both to have issued from one hand.

Man is informed with happiness or misery—it is within him, and as he need not fly to happiness, as to something without, so also he cannot fly from misery, as from something without; wherever he may wing his way through space, he is his own instrument, his own organist, and play he must, well or ill forever.

Happiness then is the *music of being*, misery the *discord*, and the breath of God, which he breathed into man at creation was not alone the breath of life but of happiness; entering man it made him alive, and, passing over the chords and sounding boards of him, then a perfect being, made him happy.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"Cast the bantling on the rock."

Reader! we present you our offering, and with the old Puritan would remark, "now they that like it may; the rest may chuse." And yet we would not that you reject it without reading—for there are things good in things evil—"Some handfulls of corn may be gleaned out of the rankest cockle"—if nothing more let it serve as a contrast.

"Sin is a black foil, but it setteth off the jewelry of heaven."

—"Great is the dignity, but greater is the labor of Editorship," exclaimed we as rising from "the old arm chair," we viewed the sentenced articles and corrected proofs. Lighting our Havana, (editors smoke nothing else), with a poetic effusion, we sought in the smoky perfume, for a forgetfulness of that "ideality of the past," which in the form of "curses not loud, but deep," might be to us "the reality of the present." Yet are we so strongly mailed in the glory of our class, that we fear not,

"Albeit in much feebleness we discharge our duty."

—Those persons who have not paid their subscription, are invited to notice the beauty and truth of the following,

"Who think ye, is the greatest slave?

It's no the man o' jet, sirs:

It's him among the free and brave—

The honest man in debt, sirs."

A change has come o'er "those spirits" of College. Erecting barricades, and raising the red flag of revolt have

"Gone, like tenants that quit without warning,
Down the back entry of time."

A peculiar seriousness pervadeth the countenances of all, from aspiring Fresh to expiring Senior. Examination draweth nigh, and many partaketh of the "peculiaris furor, qui ex literis fit." Some there are, who proceed "figentes lamine terram," which is to say, their wits are a wool gathering. These are they, who having sought have found "that central string" and "those pearls." But to all, do we give the advice, "vide ne funiculum nimis intendendo alquando abruptus." For as one of old remarked, "hard students are commonly troubled with gout, catarrha, rheums, cachexia, bradypepsia, bad eyes, colic, cruddies, oppiations, vertigo, consumptions and all such diseases as come by overmuch sitting: they are most part lean, dry, ill coloured, and lose their wits; and all through immoderate pains, and extraordinary studies." Verily, it is a hard life that students lead. Yet the majority of our friends enjoy excellent health.

There is many a disposition shown by an anecdote, as witness the following of the poet Rogers. A literary foreigner called on him one day, and, said Rogers, narrating the incident, "he made himself so disagreeable, that I had a mind to be very severe. I intended to have inquired in the tenderest tones, *how his wife was!*" The person and his wife had separated from incompatibility of temper. . . . Reader, did you ever think!—giving yourself up to the spirit of reverie and tobacco—letting your mind luxuriate among the struggling vagaries and tumbling forms of your mental kaleidoscope? And while thus, have you had "that bell" ring upon your ear, as though every sound that floated from its throat was a groan? We hate that bell now—but hereafter it will be to us a pleasant memory of the past, like

"Mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells."

By the way, writing of weddings leads us to propound the following. Why is it that all women look well on their wedding day? No matter how ugly she may be, on that epoch, her hair must be soft brown—her brow down-cast—her raiment white as snow, and to crown all the sun generally flings over her fairy form,

—"its golden gleams
And forms a halo there."

Is it, that the spirits of Love and Beauty melt and mould her features into momentary comeliness? The feminine subject is very suggestive, for upon top of the above came tumbling the following. What is the difference between there being women enough in all conscience, and conscience enough in all women? Whatever ills our social organization may impose, it yet gives to a woman two decided advantages over a man. She can go into the street without being asked "to treat" at every tavern;—and she can wear corsets if too thick, and other "fixtures" if too thin. Did any one ever dream of such a material idea, as this from Ollapod?—"Female Ips are but the glowing gateways of so much beef and cabbage."—Ghost stories are all the rage. Lank, lean, cadaverous and shivering subjects nightly congregate to hear of "shadows cast by no form," and repay the relator by sleeping in his room. The only ghost that we ever beheld was the ghost of a young man who had been jilted. 'Twas terrible to look upon—the ghost of Hamlet was not a circumstance. "We carry ghosts in us—indeed we are ghosts." . . . Young man! if you wish "to weed" your friends only select those who smoke the best segars. If you wish to succeed in imitations, don't follow the example of the young blood, who was engaged at the same time to nine young ladies, received nine engagement rings—and swapped them off for "Juleps." If you desire to be *engaging*, don't be a male *coquet*, for you will be as the Knickerbecker observes, "the meanest animal on the face of the globed airth." May the Devil take you and beat you to death with the tassel of his tail."

We live in the midst of suggestive realities. Wherever we ramble, association draws from the well of our mind, the clear water of thought. The rustling of the shocked corn claims attention—the "holy psalmody of the winds" moves to meditation. The Gothic Library, the pointed Architecture of the Parochial School, and the grey walls of "Old North" are linked with the stories, the virtues and exploits of other days. As we stood the other morning by the grave of Burr, over which were strewn the wild wood leaves, the saying of Xenophon in relation to Orontes arose in our mind.

τάφος δ' ὁλόσις παύσσε αὐτοῦ ἔφανη.

"Oh for a quill plucked from a Seraph's wing!" exclaimed we in the vanity of our wishes, not thinking of the necessity of first catching the said animal. We longed for the instrument, to write an original essay on the points of similarity between "Parker's aid to English Composition," and "Miss Leslie's Receipts for Practical Cookery." 'That there is a strong sympathy between the mind and the stomach, every reader of good books and eater of good dinners, knows full well. There's your plain, substantial writing, that's roast beef well done and no gravy. There's your frosty, figurative style, that's syllabub. There's your non-descript, startling style, with tropes and metaphors interlarded, that's *canon a la mode*. There's spiced and stuffed writing, spotted, like a circus horse, with poetical quotations, and luxuriant semblances, that's chowder or beef *a la mode*. We throw out the subject for "unborn millions."

A modern poet sings "Gleams of thought! ye are every where." The mid poet is invited to call around and show us one place in particular. . . . Grose, the author of a "Classical Dictionary of the vulgar tongue,

— "a fine, fat, fodge! wight
O' stature short, but genius bright,"

thus defines *Aegrotat*. "A certificate from the apothecary that you are indisposed, (i. e.) to go to chapel." According to him there are several cuts, viz; the cut direct and indirect, the cut sublime and infernal. The cut sublime is to admire the beauty of the passing clouds, till the obnoxious person is out of sight. The cut infernal is to analyze the arrangement of your shoe strings, for the same purpose.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. by barber's rule your turn is first—trot 'em up.

Sarah! thou art young and fair,
Joyous as the young gazelle;
Uncloaked with anguish or care,
Thy life seems like a moss cover'd dell.
The fates have thrown around thee a fair rosy bower,
Oh! let not a worm eat it down in an hour.

Now B, those figures won't do—they're *altogether* too ideal. We don't think that any such illustrations can be found in the "Poetical Quotations." They can't be—ain't consistent with the nature of things. It may be well enough to imagine them: it's well enough to paint them in a sly corner of your train, but be assured that they ain't real.

Q. O. F. your turn next—turn up that "Simile"—

How fair is the rose! What a beautiful flower!
The glory of April and May!

There's enough of Exclamations for a quarter. Q. O. F., your "Simile" is not on the boundaries of poetry. Why, you don't begin to see the shadowy outlines. When you want to be expressive, imitate the following "tender line,"

His brawny arm beclasped her waist,
With love their eyes did burn;
From his warm lips she snatched a taste,
And then he tasted hern!

B. and Q. O. F., you shall go off in a blaze of glory.

We would gladly publish "The Lay of the Blind Man," if it possessed metrical unity, and rhythmical harmony. Its author should study the structure of verse. The piece awaits his pleasure.

"National Change" and "Our Country" are both rejected. They are too much like those "unmeaning faces with ducks wings tucked under them," vulgarly called cherubs. Their epitaph should be "*malum quod minimum est, id minimum est malum.*"

FRIENDS our task is done. We wish you a pleasant vacation amidst the love of "Home, sweet Home." May we turn from the vague, unquiet, intoxicating objects of student life, to the realization of a holy ideal of desire—to that supersensuous feeling—"pure, calm, disinterested and immaterial"—only to be found in the repose of a full heart. In presenting you our Monthly, we would remark in the language of old Fuller, "take not too much at once, lest thy brain turn edge; taste it first as a potion of physic, and by degrees thou shalt drink it as beer for thirst."